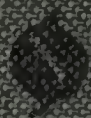


JIMMIE

*The Story of
A Black Bear Cub*



ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES



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JIMMIE

The Story of a Black Bear Cub



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An Interrupted Feast

JIMMIE

The Story of a Black Bear Cub

BY

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

AUTHOR OF "POLARIS," "WILD BIRD GUESTS," ETC.

With many Illustrations from Photographs by
LOUISE BIRT BAYNES AND THE AUTHOR



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To
MY FELLOW BEARS OF
THE TAVERN CLUB
TO WHOSE STORE OF HONEY
I AM ALWAYS MADE WELCOME
AT THEIR HOSPITABLE DEN IN BOSTON,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH
A FRIENDLY HUG FOR EVERY ONE
FROM JIMMIE AND ME.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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PREFACE

Ever since Goldie Locks gave to the world the story of her remarkable adventures, bears have been perhaps the most popular of wild animals. Within recent years their popularity has been thoroughly confirmed by the universal welcome accorded to the "Teddy Bears," which came from Toyland and founded the Nursery branch of this dearly-beloved family.

No other large wild animals look so well-fed and prosperous—so jovial and ready to give you a good-natured slap on the back. They often remind me of clowns. They appear so human when they stand erect, and their looks and actions are so droll when they tumble about, it would seem that they must have a sense of humor. Young bears especially give one the impression that they are really trying to be funny. They do things, seemingly in a spirit of fun, which to us seem so funny that we laugh as

we watch them, while on their faces we note whimsical expressions not unlike those which human faces would wear under similar circumstances. Sometimes bears look quite self-conscious just as men do when they are "playing to the gallery," and like the men, the bears seem to enjoy having spectators while they are "showing off." But is it really so? We are looking on with human eyes, from a human standpoint and perhaps with human love and sympathy. Many of us are willing, even anxious, to have the animals close to us in thought, and smilingly yield to our imagination when it tells us that an animal we are observing is thinking as we are. Thank God for Imagination! She is the greatest of explorers, and if we follow her with our eyes wide open she may set us far upon the road to Truth. But, let us beware! If we close our eyes but for a moment, she may lure us slyly into some by-path and masquerade so cleverly that we may mistake her for Truth himself.

The story of Jimmie is a true one and I have tried to make a faithful record of his life with us. The young bear will be seen in scores of

situations which seem to show or to suggest conscious humor or intentional "deviltry."

My advice to young readers is to avoid coming to hasty conclusions. Animal psychology is not to be mastered by those who start with the assumption that animals and men have minds so nearly alike that they can think alike. The lives of animals are so much simpler than ours that much simpler (though possibly keener) minds are needed in order to live them.

In the pursuit of natural history we should use imagination freely. Let it suggest to us lines of thought and study and observation. But let us not accept its suggestions as facts until by unassailable evidence they have been proved to be facts. Herein lies the difference between real natural history and "nature-faking"—between information and misinformation. The first advances us in knowledge; the second not only does not advance us, it actually retards us, and may even set us back.

By all means let us have imaginative writing, on natural history as well as on other subjects. Nothing is more delightful or more stimulating. But let it come to us in its true guise that we

may love it frankly for itself—not masquerading as literal truth, for then we are either deceived, or, when, as often happens, the mask is torn away, we are disappointed if not disgusted.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Meriden, New Hampshire.

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JIMMIE, THE STORY OF A BLACK BEAR CUB

CHAPTER I

JIMMIE ARRIVES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

PECK'S bad boy was a supercherub compared with Jimmie. The hunter who sent him to me from Parry Sound said that he was the "bad egg" of a family of three, and frankly admitted that that was why he had sent him, though what I had done to incur the enmity of a man at Parry Sound I have never learned to this day.

The mother of these cubs had been killed in her den by Indian hunters, and the white trapper who was with them had rescued the babies and taken them home to his own cabin for company.

Jimmie's baby brothers, it seems, were very good—that is for little bears—and one cuff on the ear was enough to make either of them lie

down and be quiet. But Jimmie would stand up on his hind legs and put up a fight that would have been dangerous had the fighter's weight and reach been in proportion to his courage and determination.

So one day the trapper, with his thumb done up in a white rag, and the back of his right hand looking like a contour map of the Rocky Mountains done in red ink, picked up a small and screaming black bear cub, dropped it into a stout wooden box, carried it to the nearest railway station and addressed it to me.

I never shall forget Jimmie's arrival. It was late afternoon on a peaceful summer day and we were not expecting him. We were living at the "Haven Cottage," seven miles north of Newport, New Hampshire, and we were all seated on the piazza, looking out over a sunlit daisy field and listening to the song of a hermit thrush. I happened to glance down the road, and far away I could see a cloud of dust. It heralded the coming of the stage which brought our mail and express packages. Even at that distance I could hear strange sounds which did not harmonize

with the song of the hermit thrush. Finally the stage drove up and the driver dumped a wooden box into the middle of the lawn. From the inside of that box was coming a perfectly awful noise. There was a continuous and frantic scratching at the woodwork and a vocal sound which seemed to grow louder every moment.

"Wow! Wow! WOW!" yelled an angry voice.

"No! No! NO -O-O!" it wailed.

I said to the stage driver, "What in the world have you got in that box?"

But the stage driver had been sitting alongside that noise for seven miles and was in no humor for talk. So he climbed to his seat, whipped up his lathering horses, and left me to find out for myself what was in the box. I took a hammer and a chisel and pried off a corner of it, and out of the hole I made there was thrust a little, black, furry face with a tawny muzzle, round, furry ears, a pair of beady black eyes, and the most impudent expression I have ever seen on the face of any animal. I recognized my guest at once as a black bear cub. He

stepped out on to the lawn, and deliberately looked around as if in search of the man who was responsible for his discomfort. Then his anger gave away to sobs and wails of grief.

There was a sentimental lady calling on us at the time and at a glance she saw that the little stranger needed comforting. She ran down the steps, snapped the bear cub into her arms and murmured, "Oh, the poor little dear." Now "the poor little dear" had been in that box for several days, he was looking for something more substantial than love murmurings, and his naturally short temper was not quite as long as usual. With a savage little growl he bit the sentimental arm, and with a raking stroke of his sturdy hind legs he tore a long rent in the lady's dress. She promptly dropped him and rushed back to her place on the piazza. In the meantime our housekeeper, Lucy, had looked upon the scene. No kinder person lived than she, but her kindness to animals was based on knowledge and common sense. She knew that, no matter what the anatomists might tell you, the way to the heart of a hungry little bear was right down through his "tummy," and she lost no time in



Lucy Found the Way to His Heart

getting to his tummy. With the aid of a bowl of crackers and milk she found his heart, badly bent but not quite broken, and it was hers forevermore.

CHAPTER II

A BEAR CUB AT THE HAVEN COTTAGE

HAVEN COTTAGE, where Jimmie came to us, stands on the eastern border of the Blue Mountain Forest. This great game preserve comprises about forty square miles of beautiful wild country, surrounded by a high fence and stocked with buffalo, elk, white-tailed deer, and many other wild creatures both native and introduced. Down the middle of it, roughly north and south, like a mighty backbone, stretches the spruce-clad Croydon range—the “Blue Mountain” which gives the place its name. In the hilly country round about “the Park,” as the country folk call it, lie old farms with white, green-shuttered, maple-shaded houses, grey barns, gnarled apple trees, and scrub-grown, rock-studded cattle pastures. Here and there may be found more prosperous homesteads, with well-kept lawns and flower beds, painted outbuild-

ings, and herds of thoroughbred cattle. It was in this farming country and in the Blue Mountain Forest itself that the little bear passed his New Hampshire days.

His life with us was one long series of humorous adventures—humorous for Jimmie, for us, or our neighbors, according to the point of view. But it made no difference what he did, Lucy always defended him with her tongue at least, and with the fire irons if necessary. If the paint were scratched off the front door, if all the strawberry jam in the pantry were eaten, if the coverlet of a bed were decorated with paw-painted bear tracks done in muddy water colors, it was the tame deer that did these things. Or, if the deer could prove an alibi, it was the wolves, the foxes, the opossums, or even the skunks—any living thing on the face of the landscape except Jimmie Bear; he never did anything wrong. And whenever we succeeded in actually “pinning it on him,” she would either remind us that “we’re all human, you know,” or make us feel that somehow we were trying to take advantage of an infant who had no parents to stand up for him. Once when I caught him on the kitchen

dresser, sitting among the fragments of some china he had pulled from a shelf above, I called the housekeeper and remarked sternly, "Well, I suppose you'll admit he did that?"

Now Lucy had been in our family for a long time, and had served my father and mother before us. Looking from me to the culprit bear and then at me again, her mind flashed back a score of years. Straightening to her full height and folding her arms she said reminiscently and half reproachfully: "Well, Master Harold, I don't think you should be so hard on him. Please remember you were a boy yourself once." And of course I remembered and did not press her for details.

Jimmie differed somewhat from the little girl who had a curl right in the middle of her forehead, for—

"When he was fed he was never very good,
But when he was hungry he was horrid."

When that comfortable feeling which followed a meal began to wear off, the cub would let us know it by mutterings and grumblings, low and unobtrusive at first, like the warnings

of a miniature volcano about to become active. Unless the growing fires of his hunger were quenched with milk or something equally good,



He Wanted His Food and No One Could
Persuade Him that He Didn't

the rumblings grew deeper and louder, until at last there came an uncontrolled outpouring of ursuline profanity which told us that the volcano was in full eruption. At such a time it was quite useless to try and divert his attention. He

was hungry and wanted his food and no one could persuade him that he didn't. If he were loose, he would probably make for the screen door of the kitchen and, opening it deftly with the aid of his sharp claws, march straight to the sink. Standing on his hind legs he would stretch until he reached the edge with his forefeet, and with a single hoist he would reach his goal. Here he was likely to find a pail of fresh drinking water, which might occupy his attention for a moment, though he would probably be grumbling all the time he was drinking. Then turning round he would let himself down backward until his hind feet touched the floor.

By this time Lucy would be preparing a basin of bread and milk. Jimmie would see her and at once start to hurry things by dancing on his hind legs in front of her, clasping her about the knees, biting and tugging at her skirts. She was not in the least afraid of him, and sometimes in order to try his patience, or rather his impatience, a little more, she would hold the coveted basin just above his reach. Shrieking with rage, he would dance around her, wildly snatching at the food. Finally one swift paw would "make

connections" and then the game began to go his way. His claws hung on to the rim of the basin like so many iron hooks, and if it were lifted any



He Would Scramble Up the Piazza Posts

higher Jimmie went with it. Then Lucy would carry him out dinner and all, and set the basin on the lawn, whereupon we were treated to a moving picture showing the real meaning of the

expression "as hungry as a bear." Lying flat on his tummy before the food, and with forearms wrapped around the basin right and left, he would thrust his muzzle, almost to the eyes, into the bread and milk, which rapidly disappeared to a combination of sounds showing greed, satisfaction, and distrust.

When he had licked the vessel so clean that it needed no further washing, he seemed to feel much better, and the time had come for play. He would roll about on the lawn, turn somersaults, and scramble up the piazza posts, seemingly as much to his own delight as to that of the neighbors' children who often gathered to see him. And here I might add that never before or since have we had so much attention from those children as we had when Jimmie was our guest. Before he arrived we had our milk delivered once a day. Now it came twice a day, and a contribution to our standing order for eggs was made, it seemed, every time a hen gave a declaratory cackle. Wide-eyed youngsters were always coming to inquire if we needed any maple sugar or fresh butter, whether we would like to sell our hay, or if we wanted some one to saw the

wood. Of course the inquirer never left the premises until Jimmie had been seen, whether our needs were urgent or not at all. Jimmie evidently enjoyed his young visitors and seemed to make special efforts for their amusement.



Jimmy Used the Roof as an Observatory

Some of the grown-ups were not quite so much amused. Among these were men who drove daily past our house. Horses are affected differently by the odor of a bear, but many of them dislike it intensely, and a few at least are

thrown into paroxysms of fear. Usually a spirited horse would begin to manifest uneasiness when he came within a few hundred yards of our place, and the uneasiness, accompanied by snorting, pricked ears, and sidelong glances, increased until he drew close to the house, when the tendency was to bolt. This tendency was greatly increased if the bear was actually in sight or giving vocal evidence of his presence.

One morning a farmer neighbor, driving a mettlesome young horse, was passing the house, and, seeing the bear, drew up to have a better look at him. But the horse, which had been exhibiting great nervousness, now went wild with fear, and leaping into the air, came down upon his side. With the nimbleness of a cat the man sprang clear and seized the horse by the head, and a moment later the animal was on his feet again, fortunately unhurt. The driver, a good sport, asked me to bring the cub close up, as he wished his horse to become used to the sight and smell of it. I turned round to look for Jimmie, but apparently he had not liked the behavior of the horse, for he had climbed to the top of a near-by tree,



Jimmie Loved Farms and Never Tired of Exploring Them

where he now sat calmly munching a cluster of green wild cherries. It was fifteen minutes before he saw fit to come down and be introduced, and then it was with an air of conferring an honor upon the horse.

Jimmie loved farms and never tired of exploring them. The odors of orchards and dairies seemed to tickle his nostrils pleasantly, and of course there was always a fair chance of finding something to tickle his palate as well. Then there was the fun of frightening things—hens, ducks, and sheep—and the greater fun of chasing them afterward.

Sometimes even the owners of the farms were the victims of his pranks. One of our neighbors, who sleeps on the first floor, has a rare, almost extinct, passion for fresh air. One day the cub climbed through his open window, and when that night the man got into bed in the dark, he thought somebody had been setting a steel trap for him. It was only Jimmie who resented being disturbed at that late hour, and who bit one great toe so badly that it had to be carried in a sling.

Lucy seemed to think it was her duty to give

him a personal introduction to all the other animals round about. Usually this was not at all necessary from his standpoint because Jimmie had no difficulty in becoming acquainted with anyone he cared to meet. He simply walked right up and introduced himself. Possibly she thought that there would be fewer misunderstandings if she were present and in this no doubt she was right. But if he didn't want to be introduced not even her kindly offices could persuade him to extend the friendly paw. Once, I remember, she wished to introduce him to a fine, tri-colored collie dog named Bruce. She sat on the lawn beside the dog and tried to call Jimmie to her side. The cub refused to come. He walked around in circles regarding Bruce with a suspicious eye and finally went away leaving Lucy and the visitor to make the best of their own company. Lucy did not understand this behavior but I had seen a previous meeting. A few days before, a young Scotch farmer, the owner of Bruce, drove up in a buggy, with the dog at his side. Bruce jumped out and there was Jimmie standing on the lawn. The two eyed one another for a moment and then Jimmie



Lucy Tried in Vain to Introduce Him to Bruce

advanced, rising to his hind legs and putting out his arms. The smell of bear was a new one to the collie and he retreated, growling, under the buggy. He seemed ashamed of his caution, but here was a queer new creature—a very danger-

ous one for all he knew—and Bruce was a canny dog. Had he known a little more about bear cubs he would not have been the least afraid; if Jimmie had known a little more about dogs he would have been more cautious. Just then Bruce's owner stepped out of the buggy. Now a dog by himself is one dog, but a dog backed by a real man whom he loves and trusts is three dogs, and three dogs are not to be daunted by one bear cub no matter how dangerous he may look. As the Scotchman's foot touched the ground, it seemed to release a spring which hurled Bruce from between the buggy wheels straight at the black and furry thing before him. Jimmie turned several somersaults backward and when he stopped rolling he was wrong side up with the collie astride of him.

"Bruceie!"

The Scotchman's voice was low but the tone of disapproval was perfectly understood, and, the dog, crestfallen, trotted back to his side.

"Na! Na! Ye mauna hoort the wee cub, Bruceie. He wadna hoort yew."

Bruce didn't seem at all sure of this. But his god had spoken, and the bear cub was safe even



Jimmie Wrestling with Bingo

if it should try to chew the dog's tail off. But Jimmie didn't understand. He didn't know that dogs have gods and that it was to Bruce's god that he owed his life. All that Jimmie knew was that he had been scared almost to death and that the thing which scared him was to be avoided in future. Hence Lucy's failure to effect a formal introduction.

But Jimmie's disapproval of Bruce did not necessarily extend to other dogs, and he had some very intimate canine friends. One of these was a cur of low degree named Bingo, who lived at a farm half a mile away. Sometimes Jimmie went to call on him, but usually Bingo came to our house. Bingo was of no particular breed—or as some one put it he was of many unparticular breeds. Nevertheless, he was a very lovable dog. He was black and tan in color, and his eyes and tail seemed to vie with one another in appearing happy and friendly. All the small boys for miles around made a pal of Bingo. He was the dog they took with them when they went fishing or berrying or when they went to round up the cows. There was only one youngster whom

Bingo liked better than these—that was Jimmie. The two seemed to have a complete understanding and I have seldom seen two animals have such glorious times together. They ran side by side through the fields, played tag around the barn, and when they were so winded that they didn't seem able to run another yard they would lie on the lawn about a foot apart and just gaze at one another until they recovered their breath. Then perhaps they would wrestle, each animal rising on his hind legs in an effort to down his opponent. Usually they would keep up the wrestling match until Jimmie was tired. Sometimes Bingo seemed to be tired first, but if Jimmie had a good hold on him, that didn't make any difference—they went straight on with the game. If, as occasionally happened, Bingo continued to be strenuous after Jimmie had had enough, the bear would try to escape by climbing a tree. In this he was seldom successful, for although the dog could not climb, he could jump beautifully. Just as the cub seemed to be safe, Bingo would leap after him and, seizing his short tail or hind foot, bring him tumbling to the ground again.

Jimmie wanted but little here below; in fact he wanted nothing but his own way. And he usually had it because it made life easier for the rest of us—not much easier, just easier. One



He Was a Connoisseur of Milk

thing he was very particular about was the milk he drank for breakfast—it had to be “this morning’s” milk. It was of no use to offer him “last night’s” milk, no matter how cool it had been kept or how sweet it was. Jimmie was a con-

noisseur of milk. He would detect the "fraud" at once and set up a wail which we were glad to stop at almost any price. As soon as the new milk was set before him he almost wallowed in it and the wailing ceased automatically. After he had absorbed all the milk and crackers he wanted, he was ready to play. He would roll about, on the lawn, biting his own feet, and then for no apparent reason he would dash straight up a tree. His method of climbing was interesting and different from that used by most animals. He ascended a trunk by a series of leaps, digging his hind toes in below him, springing from them, throwing his sturdy forearms upward and around the tree to get a fresh and loftier hold after every jump. He mounted with an agility one hardly would have accredited him. Coming down was a much more serious business, at least in the early days. Later he became more skilful and could even slide, but at first he would come down very slowly, and with almost unbelievable caution, like an elderly gentleman descending a precipice. Tail first he would come, stopping frequently to look down as though seeking a new foothold, and some-

times grumbling a little as if to let us know that he realized the horrible danger he was in. But he always reached the ground in safety, and at once was ready for another adventure.



Next to Feeding His Greatest Pleasure
Was Bathing

Next to feeding, his greatest pleasure was bathing; so soon after breakfast we would bring out a large washtub, fill it with water, and into it he would get. Sometimes before getting in he would walk around it on his hind legs, dipping in his forepaws as though to see if the tem-

perature was all right. Or, perhaps, he would dance around it like a young Indian, scooping up the water with his little "hands" and dashing it over everything and everybody within reach. Then he would get into the tub and sit down on



He Seemed to Be Particular about the Temperature

his haunches, or if the water was not too deep, he would roll around on his back and wash his face with his wet paws. After he had splashed as much as he cared to, he would suddenly jump out of his bath, and with water squirting from his long coat at every leap, chase anyone who happened to be near. If it were a woman, so

much the better, because she would probably scream and that always seemed to add to the fun. It was quite useless for the pursued to try to climb out of his reach; climbing was Jimmie's long suit. The only safety was behind a closed door—a door with a latch. A door which closed simply with a spring, he could open as well as I could. First he would pull it ajar with one of his forepaws, and then insert his muzzle. In the kitchen there was a screen door which closed with a spring in this way, and he knew how to open this door at once. Whether he had done the trick before or not, I don't know. At the front hall there was another screen door, and it so happened that while the kitchen door opened at the right, the front door opened at the left.

Here was a chance to test the little bear's knowledge of doors, so, when I saw that he was very anxious to enter the house, I latched the kitchen door, and let him go around to the front. At once it was evident that he had had no experience with doors which opened at the left, for he devoted all his energies to the right-hand side, and for many minutes worked hard at the crack

close to the springs and hinges. After he had given it up as a bad job, I brought him back, and opened the door just an inch or two. In a moment he inserted his nose, and ever afterward he was able to open that door as easily as the other one.

As soon as Jimmie was considered big enough to go for a walk with me he went. I took one black paw in my right hand and for a short distance he walked along like a little man. But he soon got tired of the upright position and I let him go on all fours. The world was very new and full of interest for him, and apparently he wanted to see it all that very day. He chewed the grass and sniffed the wild flowers and made clumsy attempts to catch the butterflies which hovered over them. He entered all the deserted houses, climbed into the cupboards, looked carefully up the chimneys, and acted generally as if he were thinking of renting a place for the summer. Once he had a fearful adventure. In the yard of one of the houses was an old-fashioned well sweep and Jimmie, after eyeing the tall, slanting pole, decided to climb it. It was stiff from disuse and never moved until he



We Started Out for Our First Walk

reached the very top, when to his surprise and horror it tipped over and brought him to the ground with a bump. Luckily the well itself had been boarded up. But young bears are very strongly made and he was much more scared than hurt. A few minutes later he seemed to have forgotten all about it. At any rate he shinned to the top of the next signpost we came to, very much to the amusement of a passing rustic who remarked with a grin, "I guess that b'ar wants to see how fur he is from hum."

Along the country road we went, Jimmie galloping gaily, now in front, now behind, and making frequent excursions into the woods on either hand to satisfy his curiosity, or to pick wild raspberries, of which he was very fond. When he came to a raspberry bush, he would first eat those which hung near the ground, and then, standing on his hind legs, he would pull the tall branches down to him with his forepaws. The amount of energy he displayed was remarkable. He never seemed to know what it was to be tired even after the most violent exertion. After galloping perhaps a hundred yards to catch up, he would make a playful run at me,

biting at my legs and giving me a vigorous hug and shake with his forepaws, breaking away only to dash up a tree to a point perhaps fifty feet from the ground, without so much as a twig to aid him in his ascent. Here he would probably chew the green leaves for a moment, and then he would come sliding down, tail first, and at once break into a gallop to make up for the ground he had lost. He would march boldly along the tops of stone walls, walk slowly and cautiously on wobbly rail fences, and rush up the trunks of trees when there was nothing more exciting on hand. Sometimes he would remain up a tree so long that I got far ahead of him on the road, or sometimes I would hide in the long grass and call him to see what he would do. Apparently he seldom followed my trail by scent, as a dog would have done, but relied on his ears and eyes, and chiefly on the latter. At the sound of my voice, he would stand straight up on his hind legs, and I would see him peering in my direction, over the tops of the grass blades. If I called again, or if he caught sight of me, down he would drop, and, taking the general direction, he would gallop toward me. Then, as soon as



He Would March Boldly along the Tops of Stone Walls

he was in doubt, up on his hind legs he would go to get his bearings again. When at last he found me, he seemed satisfied, but showed not the least sign of affection, such as a fox or even a wolf would have shown, but simply ran along as before.

Presently at the crossroads, he spied a large stone watering trough, and he seemed to decide at once just what it was for. He scrambled up the side, flopped into the water, swam back and forth a few times, slipped down into the road again, and—shook his dripping coat all over me. We crossed a wall and were walking through the fields when I saw a farmer driving down the road on a mowing machine. His horses, evidently thirsty from their work in the sun, swung expectantly toward the watering trough. Their muzzles had almost touched the water when up came their heads, and they stood there snorting and refusing to drink. The farmer coaxed them and patted them but nothing could induce them to change their minds. Then I called to their owner and told him that Jimmie had spoiled the water for them by swimming through it. Only after he had emptied the trough, scrubbed it

thoroughly from end to end with bunches of coarse grass, rinsed it well, and filled it again, would the horses slake their thirst.

By and by we came to a lake, and Jimmie plunged in and took a swim, after which he came out and shook himself like a dog. Then



Jimmie Plunged in and Took a Swim

I sat down to see what he would do. He wandered away, paddling in the shallow water near the margin. On a flat stone, close to the bank, a muskrat was sitting, quietly rubbing his nose, and I expected to see him dive long before Jimmie came near him. But he didn't move, and Jimmie failed to see him until they were

close together. Then the little bear stuck out his nose to investigate, and the muskrat turned to face him, whereupon Jimmie rose on his hind legs, and looked down on the muskrat, as though not quite sure what to do. Then he came down on all fours, and again advanced, sniffing for information. The muskrat, perhaps thinking it was time to resent this impudence, made a jump at the bear, snapped his teeth once, and quickly turned to run. But he was not quick enough for Jimmie, who struck out with one black paw and bowled the muskrat over on the bank. But the rat quickly recovered his balance, and dived into the water.

Jimmie's blood was up now, and into the lake he plunged. Just what took place then I cannot say, as there was such a splashing of water, but at any rate the muskrat turned and bit the little bear in the nose, and Jimmie, perhaps realizing that he was at a disadvantage in the water, turned and fled, howling and panic-stricken, to the bank, and did not stop until he was safe in the branches of a tree. I have seldom seen so funny a sight, and it was a pity that Jimmie could not enjoy it as much as I did. He stayed

up in that tree and amused himself by chewing the leaves and bark until he was ready to go home.

When we got back I saw a man on our roof, shingling it, and after a few words with him I



Jimmie Went Up the Ladder to Find Out Who Was
on the Roof

went into the house, leaving Jimmie outside. Presently I heard a frightful yell, and running into the garden I saw the man, perfectly white, leaning against a chimney and wiping the moisture from his forehead. It appeared that Jim-

mie, seeing some one on the roof, had gone up the ladder to find out who it was. The man bending over his work did not even know of the bear's existence, and the noise of his hammer prevented him from hearing the slight sound behind him. Imagine his terror, when, without a word of warning, two stout hairy arms were thrown tight round his throat and jaws like a steel trap closed on the back of his neck. He said he thought that the Devil had got him, and judging by the yell he gave I can quite believe him.

After that Jimmie went walking with me almost every day. Indeed, it was by no means an easy matter to leave him at home even if I wanted to. If he were loose he would go with me whether he was invited or not, and if I shut him up—well, I had no one to blame but myself. I tried it once, and the hole he chewed in the door was almost as big as the noise he made. I didn't hear the noise, because I was away, but I heard other things when I returned, and the orders from headquarters were that in future Jimmie was to accompany me everywhere except to church unless there was some awfully

good reason why he shouldn't. So I had a great deal of his company that summer, and I enjoyed it immensely. There was nothing monotonous about him, he was always doing something different.



He Sees a Cow for the First Time

I shall never forget the first time he saw a cow. There were several grazing in a field next to the road and Jimmie stood up on his hind legs at a fence post to watch them. Presently the cows looked up and saw him standing there, and no doubt he was just as strange a sight to them as they were to him. So one of them, over-

come by curiosity, I suppose, walked over to get a better look at him. When she got reasonably near she stopped, and Jimmie, as if willing to meet her halfway, ducked under the barbed wire and walked straight up to her. Then when they were face to face, he stood erect. He seemed to be especially attracted by her ears—the largest, the hairiest, the most interesting ears he had ever seen. He put out his paws and began to examine one of them. This was a liberty which the cow resented promptly. Charging like a battering ram, she knocked him spinning under the barbed wire fence and for twenty feet among the clover and buttercups on the other side. With a disgusted “Wow!” the cub picked himself up, and came running to me, muttering and grumbling as if he thought I was to blame for his discomfort. Perhaps he came only for sympathy, in which case he got what he came for, because after all he was only a baby and the cow had been very rough!

A few days later we were going through a pasture where there was a cow with a small calf. As soon as she saw Jimmie, she seemed to remember an appointment she had with him. She

threw her tail in the air and started for him at her very best pace, but Jimmie had had one painful experience with a cow quite recently and he wasn't going to have another one right away if he could help it. The fence around the pas-



He Stood on His Hind Legs to Examine the Cow's Ears

ture was a high one, and he ran for it just as hard as he could hump his little back. The cow followed in hot pursuit. Jimmie got there first and quickly scrambled up a fence post out of reach. Bossy, seeing him safe, stopped about ten feet away and looked up at him. The cub,

from the top of the post looked down at the cow. Then, as if a bright idea had occurred to him, he scrambled down again and walked slowly out to meet the enemy. The cow seemed to realize



Jimmié Struck the Cow on the Jaw and Scrambled Back Up the Fence Post

that her chance was coming and she lowered her head, all ready to rush in and toss him over the fence the moment she was sure of him. But Jimmié had a surprise in store for her. Instead of walking right up as he did to the other cow, he stopped a little short of this one, and arose on

his sturdy hind legs. Then, without preliminaries, he "squared off" like a fly-weight prize fighter, swung for her jaw with "right" and "left," and landed twice. Then, with something very like a sneer on his impudent little face, he scrambled back up the fence post before the cow could recover from her astonishment.

CHAPTER III

SKYLARKING IN THE BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST

WE had planned to leave the Haven Cottage in the latter part of the summer and move to the north end of the forest, where an old house at "Sunset Ridge" was being remodeled for us. As work on this place had been delayed for several weeks, we engaged rooms at a farmhouse near the West Pass Gate, whither we went with a good-sized zoo, including wolves, foxes, raccoons, and—last and most mischievous—Jimmie, the black bear cub. Our hostess, Mrs. K., the farmer's wife, was a portly woman with a heart big enough to include us all, and though among us we must have tried her patience sorely, she strove to treat each member of the menagerie as an honored guest in her hospitable home. Since then she has left the Blue Mountain and has gone where all good women go; but she has left

with us the memory of her smile, and of her unchangeable good nature.

Almost every day I went for a walk in the Park, and usually Jimmie was with me. He was never at heel but roamed where he pleased, always busy and seemingly contented. Sometimes I would not see him for half an hour at a time, and then he would suddenly appear, perhaps sliding down a tree by the side of the trail, perhaps galloping up from the rear, scattering water collected during a recent swim.

It was this habit of staying away from me which resulted in my losing him one day. In vain I hunted for him and called him, he simply was not to be found and very reluctantly I went home without him. Early next morning to our great relief he returned to the farmhouse, and he seemed quite glad to see us all again. Later we found out that he had discovered and attended a picnic, that he had invited himself to lunch, and that he had stuffed himself until he really didn't care whether he ever went home.

When he didn't want to be lost, one couldn't lose him. Once when I wished to be alone I gave him the slip and tramped across the moun-

tain to a wooded pond which I wanted to explore. I stepped into a canoe and paddled off but I had barely gone a hundred yards before I heard a noise from the woods behind me. I turned and there was Jimmie coming down to



He Swam after the Canoe

the shore at a hand gallop. He looked up and saw me, and, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water and swam after the canoe. Of course it would have been an easy matter to outdistance him, but he had shown such pluck that I hadn't the heart to do it. So I stopped and waited for him, and then at the

risk of upsetting my rather ticklish craft, I gave him a hand and helped him aboard.

Early in the autumn there is hunting in the Blue Mountain Forest, and one evening Jimmie took part in a deer hunt. He joined a small party of hunters just as they were starting out, and they stopped for a little while to play with him. Forest Kimpton, the guide, who knew the cub, strongly urged that it would save time and trouble to take him home and lock him up in the barn, but the hunters thought that he was such good company that it would be fun to let him go part way with them at least. So he went until they came to a very high fence with a tall gate leading into the forest. This, it seemed, would be a good place to say good-by to Jimmie, so in spite of his noisy protests at being left behind they shut the gate in his face and continued their journey. They had gone perhaps two miles when they arrived at a knoll upon which was the ruined foundation of an old farmhouse. Here they decided to sit down and watch for deer. Down they sat in silence, but not for long. Presently they heard a rustling in the lilac bushes at one end of the ruin, and out dashed



At the Risk of Upsetting My Canoe I Helped Him Aboard

Jimmie, his mouth open and seemingly short of breath as if he had been hurrying. His attitude was that of a small boy on discovering some pals, who, after playing a trick on him, had run away to hide.

"Ha-ha, you rascals!" he seemed to say. "You thought I wouldn't find you, didn't you? Well, here I am, and now I'm going to get even with you for that low-down trick you played me." And he certainly did get even with them. He stood on his hind legs before one of the seated men, and with a vigorous "swat" knocked his hat down over his eyes. Then he rushed at another and grabbed his rifle, the sights of which were badly twisted in the scrimmage which followed. In vain the men told him to "Stop it!" In vain they swore at him, at first in low tones and then in louder, and finally when they cuffed him, he bit them and bawled at the top of his lungs. In the meantime Kimpton the guide, who had warned them before they started, just lay on his back, waved his legs in the air, and "chortled in his joy."

Jimmie stopped suddenly of his own accord. Something over in the woods had caught his

attention, and without waiting to investigate he dashed up an elm tree growing near by, keeping



Jimmy Developed a Great Fondness for Boxing and Wrestling

its trunk between himself and whatever he had seen. Reaching the first branch about ten feet up, he held himself steady and peered very cau-

tiously around the tree. The hunters, following the direction of his gaze, saw a well-antlered head looking out from between the trees. It was a white-tailed buck, evidently divided between fear of the noise and curiosity to see what was making it. He presented an almost impossible shot, but if Jimmie would only be quiet the deer might change his position or even come nearer. But Jimmie had no idea of keeping quiet. "O-o-h!" said he, as though he was perfectly astounded at seeing a deer in the Blue Mountain Forest. Then quickly looking around the other side of the tree, he repeated "O-O-O-H!" in a horrified voice, as if now for the first time he realized that this was the most dreadful thing he had ever seen in his life. He looked and sounded so amusingly absurd that for the moment the hunters forgot the buck, until the latter gave an explosive snort, threw his white flag in the air and bounded away out of sight.

By this time Jimmie had developed a great fondness for boxing and wrestling, and when he had a choice he would always select for his partner a woman or a child. From experience he

had learned that men and boys were often rough, but that usually women and children were gentle and less likely to hurt him. But, playful and good-natured as he was, there was little of chivalry in Jimmie's composition, and if he saw a good chance to bat a lady in the eye or push a child's nose into the mud, he gleefully did so, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy his opponent's discomfort. If I were on the spot as often happened, I would of course rescue the victim, and administer a severe rebuke to the bear; and he would literally sit up and take notice, apparently paying strict attention to every word I said to him. But I fear that my reprimands never had any lasting effect, for he would do the same thing next day—yes, even the next minute, if a good opportunity occurred. One day when I was scolding him for his roughness to a lady from Boston, a very queer thing happened. He heard me through to the end, then turning toward me, he raised his right paw, placed his "thumb" to his nose and extended his fingers. Of course I am well aware that it was an accidental pose and that he could not possibly have any knowledge of its significance, but to the

casual observer it certainly looked as if he were trying to show a vulgar contempt for my remarks. The Boston lady, already somewhat prejudiced because of his roughness, walked



Sometimes He Was More Rude than Usual

away with the remark, "I don't think he's at all a nice person to know."

There were days when no visitors came, but Jimmie got along very nicely, for on a farm there are no end of opportunities for fun if one only takes advantage of them.

One afternoon the farmer's wife had milked

the cows and was returning up the hill to the house with the foaming pail, when she spied Jimmie ambling down to meet her, mischief in every motion and in every glance of his comical eyes. Well she knew that she was "in for it." Had she been a little nearer the barn she would have retreated behind its sheltering door; had she had a Suzannah Cocroft figure she might have tried to dodge or run away. But when one has never heard of a "Key to the Calories" and has neglected the "Daily Dozen" until one's latitude is equal to one's longitude, there is no use trying to evade an active bear cub, especially when one has an additional handicap in the form of a full milk pail. So the good lady could only stand her ground, and await the onslaught. She did not have to wait long, however, for a moment later Jimmie stood on his hind legs in front of her, threw his stout forearms around the pail, and thrust his long nose deep into the warm milk. In vain she tried to pull the pail away; it seemed to be glued to him. Mrs. Baynes ran to help her, and in response to their combined shouts I ran to help them both. But it is said that "God helps those who help themselves," so I guess



He Would Pay Strict Attention to Every Word I Said

Jimmie had God on his side. At all events I was quite too late, for this four-legged suction pump had practically emptied the pail when I finally succeeded in prying him loose.

This is only one of the many memories he has left of our stay at that farmhouse. Perhaps the most surprising incident occurred the day he was locked in the cellar to keep him out of the pantry, where, we might mention in passing, there was a huge hogshead into which flowed the purest of drinking water from a spring on the hillside behind the barn. Our buxom hostess, busy in the kitchen, suddenly became aware of a most unusual noise behind the pantry door. It was much too loud for rats, there were no squirrels in the house, and of course Jimmie had been safe in the cellar all afternoon. Seizing a rolling-pin she strode across the kitchen, and after one moment's hesitation, flung wide the door. The sight astonished her so that she dropped the rolling-pin and collapsed into an armchair. The pantry looked as if it had been through a fire—and a flood. The floor and almost everything else was soured with water, and sodden cookies lay helplessly among the broken jam

pots. In the floor was a ragged hole, and chunks of rotten wood added to the general desolation. But it was not this which had caused the portly hostess to collapse; it was the figure of Jimmie, the picture of saturated deviltry, standing to his chest in the water barrel, and, with his paws working like the paddles of a mill wheel, batting the water in every direction. Left alone in the cellar, he had climbed upon a pile of lumber, and finding the old floor near the barrel soft and punky, he had ripped a hole in it with his strong claws and climbed up into what to him was heaven itself.

At last our house at Sunset Ridge was ready and we prepared to move into it. In addition to household furniture there were the animals to move, and these were taken in large cages made of wire netting stretched on frames of wood. There were several wagonloads and some of the "live stock" was placed on each wagon. I elected to ride on the same load with Jimmie. His cage was placed on the bottom, and tables, chairs, and other chattels were piled on top of it. The sides were exposed so that he got plenty of air, and I could look in at him whenever I

wanted to see how he was getting along. It was the first time he had ever been in a cage, and thinking that possibly he might decide to tear his way through the netting, I had taken the precaution to secure him with a leather collar and a chain which I had bought for the occasion. As I had expected, he did not enjoy the ride. He grumbled from the moment he was chained up and for the greater part of that long journey his protests grew louder and louder. He walked round and round at the end of his tether, and presently I noticed that the chain was growing shorter. He was twisting it into bunches because the swivel wasn't working properly. But it was a long chain so I didn't worry until the horses began to climb the last hill. Then I could see that almost all the links were twisted into one big bunch, and that Jimmie's head was tied very short indeed. But we were now within five minutes of our destination and then his troubles would be over. Little did I think what was going to happen in less than half that time. Still protesting loudly the bear turned around again, a long wail was cut short in the middle and the cage was silent. Slipping over the side

of the wagon I looked in. His last turns had twisted the leather collar itself until it bit into his neck—he was strangling to death. I sprang to the top of the load and with a sharp jackknife cut the ropes which held it, and calling to the driver to help me I began to fling the furniture on to the side of the road. There happened to be a ledge of rock cropping out just there, and the legs of tables and chairs split and snapped as they fell.

“This bureau’ll bust sure,” warned the careful driver.

“Let it bust,” I yelled; “we’ve got to save this bear.”

And “bust” it did. But now knife in hand I yanked open the cage door and crawled inside. I was just too late. Jimmie’s head was held tight and his tongue protruded from his frothing mouth. I pressed the keen blade against the taut leather, the severed ends of the collar leaped apart, and the limp body of the bear cub fell backward, rolled over, and lay still.

It was a very sad moment, and it was all my fault. I should have examined the chain and made sure that the swivel was working—and I



After a Long Walk Jimmie Would Sit Down and Rest

might have saved him anyway if I had not been too lazy to unload half an hour ago. I lifted him out, laid him on the grass, and sat down beside him. The driver, with his cap in one hand, stood scratching his head with the other. Then he turned away and began to pile the broken furniture on to the wagon again. The world must go on it seemed, even if Jimmie was dead.

Then something touched my arm. I turned toward the little body, and the hind leg nearest me was moving slowly. I called to the driver and as he came running up Jimmie's "corpse" turned partly over and we saw his sides heave as he took a deep breath.

"He ain't dead," shouted the man aggressively, as if the louder he made the assertion the truer it would be. Perhaps it did help, for Jimmie certainly opened his eyes, and after taking a few more deep breaths he managed to stagger to his feet. And I—well, it seemed as if I hadn't a care in the world. I just took that wobbly bear cub in my arms, and carried him up the hill to his new home.

CHAPTER IV

FROLICS AT SUNSET RIDGE

THERE may have been some one within twenty miles of Sunset Ridge who did not know Jimmie, but I doubt it. Almost all who knew him seemed to consider it their duty (certainly it was not always their pleasure) to call upon him, to pay their respects and to get a lesson in what one wag termed "b'arcubology." Jimmie received them all—with delight, condescension, indifference, or unfeigned disgust, according to his mood at the time. Not infrequently there seemed to be some subtle relationship between his mood and the space of time which had elapsed since his last meal.

One Sunday thirty-two carriageloads of people unloaded themselves on our premises during the day, as many more came on foot, and one man brought a sick child in a wheelbarrow. None of them were friends of ours, not one of them even asked for us. We had only recently

moved into the house, and we were a good eight miles from the railroad and three from the post office, and "uphill both ways" as New Hampshire folk say. But Jimmie had achieved notoriety and these were his visitors, and as he was on hand to entertain them, all we had to do was to sit at an upper window and watch the fun.

Among the first to arrive was a lady with a little child two or three years old. Jimmie was lying quietly on the lawn chewing grass, and did not rise to greet them.

"See, darling!" See the pretty baby bear!" said the lady, advancing confidently and letting go of the youngster's hand. "Baby pat the pretty bear," and without hesitation the little one toddled up and patted our friend on the head. Jimmie took this familiarity as an invitation to wrestle, and gravely arose on his hind legs and clasped the baby in his sturdy arms. The frightened youngster, with its eyes nearly popping out of its head, screamed and tumbled over backward, and Jimmie letting go his hold stood erect and eyed his supposed antagonist as though greatly surprised at the sudden termination of the contest. In the meantime, the mother,

thoroughly scared, snatched the child up in her arms and drove off with a remark not altogether complimentary to owners of bear cubs. She had had a very inexpensive lesson in which she had learned something of the folly of taking liberties with animals before knowing anything whatever of their behavior, strength, and disposition. She would be wiser in the future, perhaps.

The next to come along were two men, one of whom carried in his hand a basket of apples. Thinking to attract the bear, he held out the basket toward him. As the cub approached the man attempted to withdraw the offering, but there was an indignant "waugh!" as a black arm shot out and a set of strong claws were hooked over the rim of the basket. In the struggle which followed half the apples were scattered over the lawn, and after Jimmie had settled down with a ripe one which he ate off the back of his paw, he allowed the man to gather up the others.

One of the most amusing incidents of the afternoon occurred almost exactly opposite the window from which we were looking. Among the visitors was a very nervous young woman,



Lucy with Actæon the Deer, Jimmie the Bear, and Romulus the Coyote

whose curiosity was even greater than her fear of the bear. She was more than plump and Jimmie seemed possessed with a desire to hug her. For a long time she managed to avoid him. Anxious as she was to see everything he did she was constantly on the lookout lest he should come too close. By and by, however, she saw him playing with a group of children at a distance, and relaxing her vigilance, she turned to talk with some friends. Soon there came a wild shriek. Jimmie had observed her off her guard, had come at full speed from the rear, struck her just behind the knees, and knocked her legs from under her. She sat down with surprising suddenness, and Jimmie, having no time to retreat, was caught as in a dead fall trap. For a moment I thought he had been killed, but presently I heard a muffled "waugh!" and the young woman sprang to her feet with an agility I should never have believed possible if I hadn't witnessed it. Jimmie picked himself up and limped away with many grumblings and a rueful look toward the fair lady who had so nearly smothered him. The lady herself, with a face the color of beet-root, scrambled into her carriage and drove off

without so much as a glance at the author of her discomfort.

The young bear made many friends, including a deer, and a coyote named Romulus. The latter was his special chum, but also a thorn in his side, for the little prairie wolf had a habit of running up behind the cub, biting him in the hind legs, and running away again before Jimmie could retaliate. But Jimmie was one of the best-natured animals I have ever known. The other animals around the place might do anything they liked to him, even take the food right out of his mouth, without any protest from Jimmie—provided that the food did not happen to be plum pudding. Jimmie was powerful fond of this dish and his old friend, the housekeeper, knew his weakness and made a great many plum puddings—ostensibly for our family. Jimmie got most of them. One day she gave him a generous helping in a saucepan and Jimmie sat out in the snow, his arms about the pan and his nose buried to the hilt in the pudding, having the time of his young life. Then a crunching of the snow crust warned him that some one was approaching and he looked up to

see who it was. A moment later a tame deer of ours hove in sight and Jimmie, realizing that a deer was not a formidable competitor, put his nose back into the saucepan and went right on with his dinner. But there was to be a more



Jimmie Paid No Attention to the Deer

serious interruption. Another and more stealthy crunching of the snow crust, and around the corner of the house came the prairie wolf, full of mischief as any bad boy you ever saw. He ran straight up to Jimmie, and seizing the handle of the saucepan in his mouth, began to pull it away. Poor Jimmie was at a great disadvantage. In

the first place he was sitting down. Moreover, his arms were occupied with the saucepan and his mouth was chock-full of plum pudding. All he could do was to make a choking, gurgling, grumbling protest, like a boy trying to "answer back" and eat a whole doughnut at the same time. But the coyote didn't understand the language and it wouldn't have made any difference if he had. He just wanted that saucepan, and, with his teeth on the handle and his forefeet braced in the snow, he pulled and pulled like a bull terrier on the end of a rope. At last poor old Jimmie felt the pan slipping out of his icy grasp. Suddenly he dropped it, grabbed the prairie wolf in his short forearms, jammed him right down into the snow bank, and, whether intentionally or not, I cannot tell you, sat squarely on his body, picked up the saucepan, and finished the plum pudding in peace.

Jimmie was really quite fond of me in his rough way, and was ready for a romp at almost any time. If he were getting the best of it, and I often let him, he would play almost indefinitely, but if I bested him or if he got hurt, he



Jimmie Came Down the Road to Meet Me

was apt to walk away grumbling and turning to give me a reproachful glance, as much as to say, "I never expected that from you." If he heard me returning from a walk or a lecture trip, he would come ambling down the road to meet me, to give me an affectionate hug and a playful bite.

One day I was returning from a trip and had a suitcase in my hand. As Mrs. Baynes had come to meet me, along with Jimmie, I set the suitcase on the ground behind me while I greeted her. About two minutes later we turned around and discovered that Jimmie had quietly carried it off and torn it all to pieces. The housekeeper, of course, was sure he hadn't done it.

Once Jimmie went to sleep. When I saw him I ran for my camera and took a photograph of him, for fear I might never see him asleep again. And my fear was well founded, for during all the time he lived with us, never again did I see him sleeping. It is safe to assume that he slept, but from feelings of modesty or otherwise—probably otherwise—he did not sleep in public. Presumably he slept in his den. This snugger

was somewhere under the piazza. There was a hole leading to it, and into this hole he used to drag everything he had any use for, and apparently anything he thought he might have use for in the future. Once, I remember, it was endless yards of stair carpet; another time it was the entire wash off the line. This last performance took place while we were all away from the house, and we learned the details from an excited small boy who had been an eyewitness to a piece of deviltry he had not quite dared to halt. Both Jimmie and Romulus were implicated. It began when the bear cub tried to climb the clothes prop and knocked it down. Deprived of its support the washing dropped within easy reach, and Jimmie in attempting a slack-rope performance broke one end of the line. At this stage of the proceedings the coyote appeared and he and the bear joined forces in an attempt to carry off the whole wash at once. But only one end of the line being broken, their best efforts were frustrated, until Romulus used his teeth and cut the other end. The allies now started to carry off their prize, but failing to agree on what was to be done with it, they soon



Once Jimmie Went to Sleep

came to a standstill. Then there was a long "conference" in which growls and yelps and nips and swats were the principal arguments used, and after coming to what seemed to be a deadlock, apparently it was agreed that each should take whatever he could get. Then came a violent tug of war in which "the washing" quite lost its freshness, and in fact became a total loss. Slowly the torn and muddy relics neared the entrance to the bear's den. Rommy was game and worked with a snap, but Jimmie had the weight and weight is a most important factor in tug of war. At last Jimmie reached his goal and disappeared, followed by something that resembled a tattered and very muddy boa constrictor. Just before it vanished the little wolf made a last gallant effort to prevent the inevitable, and was rewarded with a consolation prize in the form of a single shirt sleeve, which he carried off with as much swagger as he could have used had he been trailing the whole lineful of clothes behind him.

Throughout the autumn Jimmie had an enormous appetite and grew so fat that he required more leisure. In addition to his regu-

lar meals he ate large quantities of windfall apples. If these failed he would climb a tree, shake down a lot of sound ones, and then descend to munch them, usually crouching on the ground and eating the fruit as he held it with one paw



Jimmie and Romulus Hold a Conference

upon the back of the other. Sometimes Rommy, the prairie wolf, would come and annoy him by taking his apples away from him. As a rule Rommy didn't eat apples, but apparently he got a lot of fun stirring Jimmie to righteous wrath by snatching those which the bear had gathered for himself. On one occasion Mrs. Baynes saw him take away nine, one after another. Poor Jimmie was so slow and heavy that his half-

hearted attempts to catch his tormentor were simply wasted effort. Even if he had caught him, probably he would have done nothing worse than give him a warning nip.

If this fattening up was a preparation for the intensely cold weather soon to come, it was not the only one. The work of lining the den under the piazza was now taken up with great energy. One day I left a sweater hanging on a tree and it disappeared. No one had seen it, and for some reason I never thought of Jimmie until the next day when I saw him enter his den with Mrs. Baynes' straw sun hat in his mouth. Even then I had no time to attempt the recovery of these things.

Not long after this we had a number of workmen engaged in digging out a spring and connecting it with the house. When no one was looking Jimmie stole all their coats, one at a time, and dragged them into his burrow. At five o'clock, when they stopped work, of course the men missed their garments, and at once suspected Jimmie, who had been very much in evidence all afternoon. The first I knew about it was when I heard voices outside my study door

and opened it to find a little crowd in shirt sleeves wanting to know what was to be done about it. There was only one thing that I could do, and that was to explore Jimmie's retreat. It was not an expedition I had planned for that particular day, but the men were waiting to go home, and they seemed to be rather impatient. With a shovel I enlarged the entrance so that I could crawl in under the piazza. Then I wriggled along for thirty or forty feet to a corner of the foundation, and around this to an open space, where I came upon the den. The light was poor, but a better one would not have improved the picture before me. A large hollow had been scooped in the earth and it had been filled with a collection such as one might see at a rummage sale. On top were the latest contributions—the men's coats, my lost sweater, and Mrs. Baynes's sun hat. Below these in several layers were a piece of rag carpet, half a roll of grass matting, three socks, a lady's stocking, a bath towel, a woolen muffler, and the remains of a very muddy "wash," some of it still held by wooden pins to a piece of frayed clothesline. There were many more prizes in the packet but the men were



He Grew So Fat that He Required More Leisure

waiting for their coats and I had to hurry back. Later I returned and saved a few articles, including a muffler and a pair of gloves, but most of the things looked better where they were than they would have done anywhere else.

Visitors showed various reactions to Jimmie's attentions. This was due partly to the differences in the nervous systems of the visitors themselves, partly to the variety of ways which Jimmie had of stimulating the aforesaid nervous systems. Sometimes the stimulation was not confined to the nervous system. For example, I recall the case of a lame lady who had been brought to see us and who was sitting on the piazza. She had arrived on crutches and had not bent her knees for several years it was said. Jimmie sauntered around the corner headed in her direction and "with a merry little twinkle in his eye." Then a miracle happened. Her long-disused knees began to bend, her feet began to rise very slowly from the floor, and by the time the cub reached her chair both her feet were on the seat of it. A moment later she was standing on the seat and I think that she might have jumped over the back if our hero had not been

captured and led away. This incident gave Jimmie a local reputation as a healer.

Sometimes he seemed to give people the impression that he was attempting highway robbery, and I doubt if Three-fingered Dick himself could have frightened them any more. One day there came a delegation from a Sunday School picnic. Jimmie selected one little boy of about twelve years, and, embracing him with his forepaws, deliberately tried to pull his coat off with his teeth. The boy stood it for a time, but got more and more nervous as he found himself unable to get away from the bear, and finally burst out crying, and a man who was near went to his assistance. But Jimmie wanted that coat, and whenever he caught sight of the boy he made a rush at him, until the youngster became so alarmed that he went home.

Quite different was the attitude of a little girl who came with her parents in a carriage and who, seeing Jimmie on the lawn, at once jumped out to play with him. The little girl had on white stockings, and for some reason Jimmie took a great fancy to these. Ignoring her efforts to make friends, he rushed at her ankles, and



Jimmie Playing with the Author

soon it was hard to tell which was bear and which was girl, they were so mixed up. But the cub was only playing, and the child was not afraid, so I let them alone until the little girl was out of breath, and her stockings quite ready for the laundry. Then I held the bear until she hopped back into the carriage, where she sat with her mother and father to watch him.

Then Jimmie made a serious error of judgment—he deliberately tried to shin up the hind leg of one of the horses. It was a thoroughly steady, dignified horse, but that was a bit too much even for him. He was not in the least excited, but he quietly raised his hind leg with Jimmie adhering to it, and kicked that impudent cub, if not into the middle of next week, at least into the farther end of this one.

These people might be classed as irregular visitors. There were also many regular ones. Among the latter were the students of an old academy about two and a half miles from the house. This school has its weekly holiday on Monday instead of Saturday, so it was on Monday usually that groups of students came up to play with the bear. They came so often that he

learned to know them very well, and as they usually brought him something to eat they were doubly welcome. When he heard them coming, he would start down the road to meet them. If they were boys he would stand on his hind legs and deliberately "frisk" them for the peanuts and candy which he hoped to find in their pockets. If they were girls, we usually knew it before they came in sight, for some of them were sure to run away when they saw the bear coming, and he was just as sure to run after them and make them giggle and scream.

But perhaps the hired man was the one who had the most fun with him. He was around the place all the time and always doing something in which Jimmie was interested. He was strong but good-natured and Jimmie liked to wrestle with him because he was careful not to be too rough and hurt the cub as some men did. If he were sawing wood, Jimmie would seize the other end of the saw and look as if he were trying to do his share, and if the man started to take the wheelbarrow, the bear was very apt to climb in and have a free ride around the place.

Then there were people who came chiefly to



Jimmie Takes a Lesson in Sawing Wood

enjoy the view. Our house was beautifully situated on a mountainside with friendly trees for shade, and very often visitors would bring their lunch or supper and eat it in sight of Ascutney and the gorgeous sunsets behind the Green Mountains of Vermont. Jimmie liked to join them. He cared nothing for sunsets, but anything in the nature of food was worth investigation. Sometimes he really couldn't wait until the little packages of sandwiches and cake and things were opened, but just helped himself and literally "got away with it." Once he did something even worse than that. An elderly couple were driving up the hill behind a very fat and leisurely horse. Jimmie heard the wheels go by and came out of the barn, sniffing expectantly. His nose told him that there was food in that buggy, and his stomach told him that it was supper time. Usually he could control his appetite until his hosts were ready to serve him, grumbling a little perhaps just to let them know that he was hungry. But that old horse was so slow that the bear's microscopic store of patience became exhausted. He stepped up to the back of the buggy, hoisted himself into

it, lifted out a white cardboard box, jumped out, and disappeared behind the barn.

The buggy stopped under a maple tree and the elderly couple got out.



Jimmie Playing "Romeo" to Lucy's
"Juliet"

"Why, Clarence," said the old lady, as her husband was hitching the horse to a fence post, "I thought sure I'd put that box o' cake under

the seat. Well, here's the sandwiches anyway; I guess we'll have to make out with them, and eat the cake when we get home."

When winter came Jimmie did not really "den up" as many bears do, probably because there was no need of it. There was plenty of food for him, and although he spent a great proportion of his time under the piazza, there was rarely a day when he did not come out at least to see what was going on and to get a bite to eat. Very often he would make an appearance early in the morning. No doubt he heard Lucy moving about and knew that it would soon be time for breakfast. He would come to the kitchen window, stand on his hind legs so that he could look in, and then attract her attention by grunting and by rubbing his forepaws over the glass. Then we would hear her voice:

"Just a minute, darlin'. Lucy has something nice for you."

The oven door would open and close, the window would be pushed up a few inches and a hot biscuit would be handed out with the warning: "Don't burn yourself now. Oh,

don't eat so fast. People will think we starve you."

He was great company for her and she would carry on the one-sided conversation with him as



He Stood Up in the Hole He Had Made, Looking Very Proud

if he were a child. Sometimes for variety she would pretend to wash the inside of the windows and then call us to see how nicely Jimmie was helping her. There he would stand, and with a snowy forepaw pressed to the glass follow every



With His Long Tongue He Would Lick Out the Condensed Milk

movement of her hand as she polished the other side of it. Then she would laugh and tell him that she was going to get him a job.

It often happened that Actæon, our tame deer, would come to get his breakfast at the same time. Then Lucy would have to be careful to see that Jimmie did not get more than his share. If in spite of her he took the deer's biscuits as well as his own, Actæon would turn, and raising one forefoot, bring his polished hoof down hard upon the head of the offender.

The bear was very fond of playing in the snow. He would dig down into it until he had a big hole, and then stand up in the hole with his head and shoulders out, looking very proud. Lucy from the window would see him there and sometimes would carry out to him a partly-filled can of condensed milk. There was hardly anything he liked better, and holding the can between his forepaws, he would insert his long tongue and lick it out to the very last trace.

He was always fond of pruning trees, especially fruit trees. At first he used to climb up, bite off the branches, and watch them fall to the

ground. But when the deep snow came he found an easier way. He would simply lie on his back beneath a tree, and the lower branches now being within reach, he would pull them down with his paws and bite them off. And it was interesting to note that he did not leave them lying where they fell, but gathered them in a little heap which he added to from time to time. We always referred to it as Jimmie's woodpile. Why he made it we never found out, for we never saw him use it. Possibly this behavior was connected in some way with the nest-making instinct.

Once we saw him go through a curious performance apparently in a spirit of fun. He gathered some snow into a little ball and rolled it about the garden until it became a large ball. Then he stopped, deliberately put his head on it, turned a somersault, picked himself up, and vigorously batted the big snowball to pieces with his paws.

Occasionally he did still more remarkable things of which we can offer no explanation. One day Mrs. Baynes and the housekeeper saw him pick up a wet towel, carry it to a tree, and



Jimmie Was Fond of Pruning Trees

after standing on his hind legs hang it over a branch. Then he put a paw under the towel, wiped his face with it, and spread it out on the branch again.

Only one thing seriously interfered with his enjoyment of winter. Sometimes the soles of his feet would crack, and, especially when he walked on hard, icy ground, they seemed to cause him great pain. His discomfort was increased by the fact that he picked up a good deal of snow which caked on his feet in the form of ice, making it difficult for him to walk. He would sit down, grumbling, raise one hind foot to his mouth, hold it with a forepaw, and chew the ice off bit by bit. He would do the same with the other hind foot, and then perhaps roll over on his back in relief.

There were certain intensely cold nights when he did not sleep very well, perhaps from lack of sufficient bedclothes. On these occasions he took a curious way of expressing his dissatisfaction. He would come to the front door, lie down close to it, and proceed to chew the molding off the lower panels. As he made a good deal of noise in doing this, it woke us up and of

course I had to go downstairs and drive him away. I would return to bed, and then, just as I was dozing off, I'd hear the crunching of wood and know that it was my turn to drive him away again. He would hear me coming and when I flung open the door and leaped half clad into the biting air, he would already be in grumbling retreat along the piazza and I would hear him scrambling over the railing, below which lay the entrance to his den. There was nothing to be done but go back to bed, hoping that the scare he had had would keep him from returning. False hope, for perhaps half an hour later I would be awakened again by the rip and crunch and for the third time I would arise, with grim determination that it should also be the last time. Seizing a snowshoe I would creep silently to the door, and making sure by the sound of his gnawing that he was on the other side, I would open it with a jerk and race down the piazza in time to give him one good whack with the webbing of the shoe as he went over the rail. Of course it didn't hurt him in the least, but it scared him enough to keep him away for the rest of the night. He annoyed us so seldom



He Was Greatly Troubled by the Ice Which Caked on His Hind Paws

—in that particular way—that it wasn't worthwhile to take measures against it, and if we had shut him up as we might easily have done, it would have broken his heart.

Of course Jimmie was a favorite with every child in the neighborhood, and if a children's vote had been taken for the most popular animal in our county, I believe that the bear cub would have been unanimously elected. To be sure if the grown people had held the election, there might have been some votes against him. But the kiddies loved him. He was one of them, and they understood him. They enjoyed his mischievous pranks, and he would play as long as any of them cared to play with him.

At Christmas we gave a children's party, and perhaps a score of girls and boys came to spend the evening. As it was not possible to make Jimmie understand about the party, he went to bed early, as usual, and was asleep in his own den under the piazza, long before the first guests arrived. He was not forgotten by his little friends, however, and "Where's Jimmie?" was the first question asked by almost every child that came in. But there was so much to chatter

about, and so many games to play, that absent comrades—even Jimmie—were soon out of mind.

At last supper was ready, and all the children trooped into the dining room and took their places at the long table.

For a while everyone was so busy that there was little to be heard except the clatter of forks and spoons and plates. I stood at the end of the room, enjoying the fun. For the moment my eyes were on a small boy who seemed to be enjoying himself even more than the rest. He was making more noise than anyone else, and at the same time performing remarkable sleight-of-mouth tricks with a large piece of cake and a plate of ice cream. Suddenly, I saw his face change. His laugh was cut in two, his smile faded, the remains of the cake fell to his plate and a spoonful of ice cream, on its way to his open mouth, remained suspended in the air. He was facing a window, and as I followed his gaze, I saw a hairy black face, with a tawny muzzle and a pair of small, shining, black eyes, looking eagerly into the room. It was the bear cub, whose slumbers had been disturbed by the



Jimmie Was a Favorite with Every Child in the Neighborhood

noise, and who had come to see what it was all about.

In an instant the room was in an uproar. All the children left the table at once and crowded around the window yelling "Jimmie! It's Jimmie! Let him in! Don't you do it! Keep him out! Open the window! Give him some cake!" One little boy, with a piece of cake in his hand, raised the window just a little bit. That was enough for Jimmie. Ignoring the proffered cake, he thrust his strong muzzle under the sash, raised it with one jerk of his head, and in a moment came tumbling into the room. How those children yelled and scattered. While they all thought it good fun to have the cub at the party, none of them knew just what he would do, and some, especially the younger ones, were decidedly nervous. A small girl hid behind the window curtains, two little boys scurried upstairs and peeped through the bannisters, and another, by means of a chair, scrambled to the top of a sideboard. But Jimmie had his own ideas about a party. His first interest was in the supper table. Standing up on his hind legs, he placed his forepaws on the cloth. Just in front

of him was a plate with some apple jelly on it. One sweep of his long tongue and the plate was as clean as if it had been washed. A dish of blanc mange was the next to be gobbled up, and then a boy rather bolder than the rest, made an attempt to save the cake. He seized the intruder by the skin of his neck, but except for a loud, grumbling protest, the bear paid no attention to him. He walked right along, pulling the boy with him, and one slice of cake after another disappeared down the black throat. The little girl behind the curtains, seeing that Jimmie did not intend to hurt anyone, came from her hiding place to try and help the boy who was holding him. Now this little girl had been eating strawberry jam, and as little girls sometimes do, had left a little of it on her lips. The moment she touched him, Jimmie turned, and seeing and smelling the jam, he caught the child in his short forearms, and, in spite of her screams, licked her face all over before letting her go. Then he reached for the sugar basin, lifted it from the table with his paws, and sat down on his haunches to devour the contents.

By this time, the children who had been ner-



Plunder from the Pantry

vous were quite at their ease again, and gathered round to see him eat the sugar, while he grumbled away in an injured tone of voice because he was afraid that some one would take the bowl away from him.

But he was allowed to finish it, and having satisfied his hunger, he was ready to play. First of all he acted as if he had lost his wits, or as if he wanted to "show off" which is about the same thing. He rolled over on his back, turned somersaults, and batted the chairs and the table legs with his paws. The children got down on the floor to romp with him, and together they had a merry time, until Jimmy tired them out, one by one.

When they were all up on their feet again, Jimmie arose and stood perfectly erect on his hind legs. Then he picked out a girl about his own height and took a step toward her, raising his paws as though inviting her to a boxing match. The girl accepted the challenge, and as she was strong she held her own very well for a time. But as Jimmie warmed up to his work he became very rough, and swung his heavy paws right and left as fast and as hard as he

could. At last he gave his playmate a stinging slap on the side of the face, and she decided not to play any more. Then, as I thought that Jimmie himself had had about enough fun for one evening, I opened the door, and he galloped off to his den under the piazza.

Thanks to an unfailing regular food supply, with frequent stolen feasts of molasses, jam, and maple sugar, Jimmie continued to grow rapidly in size and strength. At first I could pick him up in one hand, as I would handle a kitten, but soon it required two hands, and a little later I did not care to lift him at all on warm days. He was very good-natured except when one tried to make him do something he did not want to do, and then there was trouble. One continual source of dispute was his insistence on coming into the house. Usually we didn't mind his coming in, but sometimes it was not convenient and we reserved the right to occasional privacy. But if he got so much as the tip of his nose or a single paw inside the door he would resist to the utmost any attempt to make him back out. Bawling as if he were being murdered, he would fight as for his life to get the



He Grew Rapidly in Size and Strength

rest of his body inside. Curiously enough, we found it much easier to let him come in, turn him round, and march him straight out again. Even this was not as easy as it sounds. If I tried to drag him out by the neck, he would deliberately lie down and roll over, encircle each of my ankles firmly with a stout forepaw, and in every way make my task as difficult as he possibly could. When I persisted, as of course I always did, he would not hesitate to bite, gently at first but with growing vigor as the tussle proceeded, or to tear my clothing to rags with the formidable claws of his hind feet. Worsted in the end he would go off grumbling, to lie down presently and suck his paws noisily and sulkily, making a queer continuous sound, like "ubble-uble-uble-uble-uble," which he kept up for a long time unless something happened to take his mind off his troubles.

If, as often happened, he walked in without any opposition, he usually made straight for the dining room. If the table was set, he would stand on his hind legs, put both his forepaws around the sugar bowl and carry it off. Then he would retire to a corner, sit down with his

back to the wall, and take the bowl in his lap. This was the moment of all others when he hated to be interrupted. If an inconsiderate



I Wonder If That Pantry Door Is Open

human so much as appeared at the dining room door, he would be greeted with a loud, grumbling, mumbling, sputtering protest, as Jimmie,

with his mouth ludicrously full of sugar, sought to express his disapproval of any possible attempt to deprive him of his ill-gotten sweets.

But his red-letter days were those in which he successfully raided the pantry. These days



I Guess I'll Go and See

were rare because there was a standing order that the pantry door should always be kept locked, and even Lucy conceded the wisdom of this. But the lock was not an automatic one—the human element was present, and occasionally Jimmie got in. Usually the extent of the wreck

which followed was proportionate to the length of time he was able to work uninterrupted. He could make a complete job of it in about an hour.

One day we came back from a drive, and Jimmie didn't come to meet us as usual. Lucy was away and a window opening on to the piazza roof had been left open. We entered the house and found that the pantry door had been left open too. What a sight met our eyes when we reached the doorway! The floor was strewn with paper bags and boxes (left by the grocer that afternoon), most of them burst wide open and with their contents sifting through—raisins, prunes, walnuts, and crackers of several kinds. These were mingling in a disorderly abandon with bars of soap, broken bottles of olives and marmalade, and with some lemons scattered about as if for decorative effect. From the shelves above there dripped and trickled at their respective speeds, condensed milk, strawberry jam, and cider vinegar. I never saw such a mess in my life. But that wasn't all by any means. In one corner of the room a molasses jar had been overturned, and



Jimmie Was Quite Fond of Me in His Rough Way

the syrup lay in golden pools and shining smears, and in the middle of it wallowed Jimmie, the author of all this deviltry—sticky, utterly un-presentable, and supremely happy. For about five seconds I felt angry, but I glanced at Mrs. Baynes and saw that she was trying very hard not to laugh—apparently out of respect for my feelings.

“Yes, it’s awfully funny, isn’t it?” I remarked ironically. At the sound of my voice Jimmie looked up, and with a jam label glued to one cheek and a lamp wick hanging down behind, he arose unsteadily to greet us. If anything had been needed to complete the picture we had it now, and I can’t remember which of us laughed the harder.

Then we noticed something we had noticed once before when the bear had eaten too much molasses. It had made him “silly” and he began to “show off” as a man will do sometimes if he has had just a little too much to drink. There was a sort of foolish “smirk” on his face as he attempted in a slouchy way to embrace us, and when we retreated to the garden, he followed with a wobbly gait. Out on the lawn he gave an

exhibition of tumbling which would have done discredit to an intoxicated clown, and he stopped and looked toward us after every "act" as if deliberately waiting for applause.

In the midst of the performance Lucy appeared; she had just seen the wreck of the pantry. So far from being angry, she rushed to him, and sticky as he was, she wrapped her arms about him.

As if to anticipate any protest I might make, she said: "Well, bears will be bears! Bless his little heart, he's nothing but a baby. Poor little fellow, he was just hungry. I forgot to give him his breakfast" (a statement which I gravely doubted)—"and he didn't have any supper last night either" (a statement which we all knew had been invented on the spot). And Jimmie laid his head on her shoulder and blubbered like an orphan child.

It was late that night when Lucy finished washing him; and I think she must have ironed him too, for he was the sprucest looking bear cub I have ever seen when he turned up for breakfast next morning.

CHAPTER V

JIMMIE SAYS GOOD-BY

TOWARD the following spring, after long deliberation, we decided that Jimmie was getting too large for private use. Good-natured as he was, he was growing very strong, and quite too strenuous and demonstrative for the liking of some of the people he made it his business to meet. If he saw a man coming up the road, that man was in for a wrestling match whether he was in training or not, and if his apparel happened to be quite unsuitable for work "on the mat" it made not the slightest difference to the black imp who challenged him. A very nice young man walked all the way from Lebanon one day to try to sell us a copy of "To Heaven through Nature." Jimmie happened to meet him a quarter of a mile down the road, and by the time I was able to respond to his very vigorous call for help, he looked as if he had been trying to hurry through a series of barbed wire

entanglements. We simply had to ask him to lunch, and Lucy spent most of the afternoon mending his trousers. As he was leaving, her eyes twinkled and she called to him, "When you get out a new edition of your book, don't forget to have a chapter on bears."

Even Lucy was no longer sure that she could hold her own against Jimmie. One day he caught her away from the house and in his playful, bearish way tore her skirt and apron and at last, to her great mortification, she was obliged to call for help.

But the climax was reached one evening, when, as Mrs. Baynes was coming home from a walk, Jimmie seized her, and in spite of all she could do to prevent him, tripped her up and threw her on to the snow. Of course it was in fun from his point of view, but from hers it was becoming serious, and she called to me. I ran as fast as I could, but by the time I got there he had taken the knot of her hair in his mouth and pushed her head into a soft snow bank. He was getting too funny to laugh at, and I determined to find a new home for him.

That was not entirely easy. When he was



The Man Was in for a Wrestling Match

very little everybody wanted him, but as he had grown larger and stronger the offers which were made for him grew fewer and fewer. One friend, when asked if he didn't want a nice young bear about Jimmie's size, answered, "No thanks—what have I done to you?"

But at last I learned that the New York Zoölogical Society wanted a Canadian black bear, and the Director kindly wrote to me offering to buy him. I could not accept the offer as I have always made it a point never to sell an animal which has been a member of my household. But I promptly presented him, and I confess it was with mingled feelings. Next morning we went for our last walk together, and when I marked his height as he stood on his hind legs and felt the strength of his arms and the grip of his teeth when he closed with me for a wrestling bout, I knew that we had not made our decision too soon. But that afternoon when he walked out on to the piazza, stood up at one of the posts, and with a strangely sad expression on his face looked away across those blue hills and valleys which he was never to see again, there came a

chokey feeling in our throats. And when a little later he picked up a much beloved rag doll which Mrs. Baynes had made for him, sat down with it in his lap, licked its face all over for the last time and then carried it off to bed with him, we couldn't help feeling very sorry that little bears grow up into big ones. Of course our intelligence told us that he had no idea that he was going away, that his standing at the piazza post that particular afternoon was merely an interesting coincidence, and that the sadness of his expression was probably in our own imagination. Nevertheless, these things all tended to emphasize the fact that he was about to leave us and we were genuinely sad to think that we were going to lose him.

Early next morning a sledge drawn by two big black oxen stopped at our door. They were headed toward Lebanon, our nearest railroad station, eight miles away. After we had all let Jimmie give us a parting hug, I led him to a crate which had been made for him, and a few moments later the crate, with the bear inside it, was lifted on to the sledge.

"Gee!" cried the driver, and the great black



I Felt the Strength of His Arms and the Grip of His Teeth

oxen swung to the right, breaking out the runners and sending glittering ice splinters in all directions.

“Huish!” The powerful brutes lunged forward into the yoke, the sledge moved northward over the rough and frozen roads, and Lucy, her apron held to her face, stood crying as if her heart would break.

Two months later I went to New York, and naturally the first person I called on was Jimmie. I wanted to see if he remembered me—to know whether he could distinguish me from the thousands of other people who went past those bear dens every day. I told the director and he consented to go with me and help me to make a test of it. From a distance we could see Jimmie lying in a corner of the den, his head on his left paw and evidently fast asleep. According to agreement, the director went to the corner which was farthest from the sleeping cub and began to call him by name.

“Jimmie!” he shouted. “Jimmie! Jimmie! Come along Jimmie! Come! Come!”

But the bear never moved. Of course he must have heard the sound, but the voice meant

nothing to him. Then the director stepped back, and I began to call. Instantly Jimmie's head came up from his arm, and he scrambled to his feet. Then he came trotting along the inside of the pen and when he got opposite me he stood up on his hind legs and I gave him my hand through the bars. He grabbed it in both his forepaws and fairly gasped in his excitement.

“Ooah! Ooah!—Ooooh!”

Then he gave way to that queer, continuous, bubbling sob he often made when greatly stirred.

“Ubble-uble-uble-uble-uble-uble,” he blubbered, and he kept it up until I thought I should cry myself.

It was very hard to leave him but, of course, it had to be. Slowly I took my hand from between his clinging paws and walked away, leaving him sobbing softly to himself.

About a year later I went to see him again. He had grown much larger and was easily holding his own with several other young bears who were occupying the same den with him. When I arrived some small boys, in defiance of the rules, were throwing peanuts through the bars.



I Led Him to a Crate Which Had Been Made for Him

All the bears in the den were on the alert for them, but it is safe to say that Jimmie was getting three out of five.

I went as near as the guard rail would let me and called him by name. Again he came up but with a look quite different from the one he had given me a year ago. He stood up on his hind legs and looked at me with a puzzled expression which seemed to say, "It seems to me that I have met you somewhere before, but I'll be hanged if I can remember just where it was or who you are."

The last time I saw Jimmie—and it was not so long ago—he was still at the Zoo. He had outstripped all his companions both in size and good looks, and was really a superb specimen. As he arose on his hind legs he was tall and straight, his eyes were bright, and his coat was long and healthy. He was the largest and handsomest black bear in the New York Zoölogical Park.

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